A True

RELATION

Of the several

Facts and Circumstances

Of the intended

Riot and Tumult

ON

Queen ELIZABETH's Birth-day.

GATHERED

From Authentick Accounts: And published for the Information of all true Lovers of our Constitution in CHURCH and STATE.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Morphew*: And *Edinburgh* Re-printed by JAMES WATSON, and Sold at his Shop, next Door to the *Red-Lyon*, opposite to the *Lucken-Booths*. 1711.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,

I Am very ſorry ſo troubleſom a Companion as the Gout, delays the Pleaſure I expected by your Converſation in Town. You deſire to know the Truth of what you call a ridiculous Story, inſerted in *Dyer*'s Letter and the *Poſt-Boy*, concerning the *Figures* that were ſeized in *Drury-Lane*, and ſeem'd only deſigned for the Diverſion of the Mob, to rouze their old Antipathy to Popery, and creat new Averſion in them to the *Pretender*. If, indeed, this had been their only Intent, your Reflections would be reaſonable, and your Compaſſion pardonable. It is an odd ſort of good Nature, to grieve at the Rabble's being diſappointed of their Sport, or, as you pleaſe to term it, of what would for the time being have certainly made them very happy: But, Sir, you will not fail to change your Opinion, when I ſhall tell you, that there was never a blacker Deſign formed, unleſs it were blowing up the Parliament Houſe. No Mortal can foreſee what might have been the ill Effects, if it had once come to Execution; we are well aſſured, that under Pretence of *Cuſtom* and *Zeal*, and what they

call an *Innocent Diverſion*, lurked a dangerous Conſpiracy: For whoever goes about to diſturb the publick Peace and Tranquillity, muſt needs be Enemies to the Q----and her Government.

You have been informed of the ſurprizing Generoſity and Fit of Houſe-Keeping the *German* P---ſs has been guilty of this Summer, at her Country Seat, in direct Contradiction to her former thrifty Management; though, to do her Juſtice, ſhe is not ſo parſimonious as her L--d, nor ſets half that Value upon a Guinea, though her Dexterity in *Getting* be as great as his, he out-does her in *Preſerving*. She has had a wonderful Addreſs in ſome Things, witneſs the known Story of the Diamond, which is as great an Inſtance of good Management on her Side, as my *L--d*'s making one Suit of Clothes ſerve three Set of Buttons, can be of his Frugality. She ſeems to have forgot, or rather out-lived all the ſofter Paſſions, thoſe beautiful Blemiſhes for which they are often pitied by our Sex, but never really hated. *Wrath*, *Ill-nature*, *Spleen* and *Revenge*, are thoſe with whom her L----p has been in League with for many Months: She has even fallen into the common Weakneſs of unfortunate Women, who have Recourſe to ſilly Fellows called *Conjurers*; or perhaps in Imitation of her Mother. Her L----p wanted a *very Witch*, ſhe would give any Thing to converſe with

with a *real Witch*; at last she took up with a *Wizard*, an ignorant Creature, who pretends to deal with the Stars, and by Correſponding with Thief-Catchers, helps People to their Goods, when they have been ſtolen. To pleaſe her Highneſs, he revived an old Cheat of making an Image like the Perſon ſhe moſt hated; upon which Image he would ſo far work by Enchantment, that him it repreſented, from that Moment, ſhould grow diſtempered, and languiſh out his ſhort Life in divers ſort of Pains. Since the *Wizard* was took into the Lady's Pay, a certain Great Man has happened to be indiſpoſed, by which means ſhe remains very well ſatisfied with the Experiment, and imagines this Accident to be owing to the Force of her Inchantment, from which ſhe promiſes her ſelf ſtill greater Events. Though we laugh at the Folly, we can't but remark the Malice of the Attempt.

On *Friday* the Sixteenth of *November* the Heads of the Party met at the New Palace, where the late *Viceroy* recounted to them the happy Diſpoſition of Affairs, and concluded, *That notwithſtanding all their Misfortunes, they had ſtill to Morrow for it.* This Perſon, who has ſo often boaſted himſelf upon his Talent for *Miſchief*, *Invention*, *Lying*, and for making a certain *Lilli bullero Song* with which if you will believe himſelf, he ſung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms,

was resolved to try if, by the Cry of *No Peace, High Church, Popery,* and the *Pretender*, he could Halloo another in. There were several *Figures* dressed up, fifteen of them were found in an empty House in *Drury-lane*; the *Pope*, the *Pretender*, and the *Devil*, seated under a *State*, whereof the Canopy was Scarlet Stuff trimmed with deep Silver Fringe; the *Pope* was as fine as a *Pope* need to be, the *Devil* as terrible, the *Pretender* habited in Scarlet laced with Silver, a full fair long Periwig, and a Hat and Feather. They had all white Gloves, not excepting the very *Devils*, which whether quite so proper, I leave to the Learned. This *Machine* was designed to be born upon Men's Shoulders; the long Train dependant from the *Figures*, were to conceal those that carried them: Six *Devils* were to appear as driving the Chariot, to be followed by four *Cardinals*, in fine proper Habits; four *Jesuits*, and four *Franciscan Friars*, each with a pair of white Gloves on, a pair of Beads, and a Flaming, or if you please a Bloody Fulchion in their Hands. Pray judge, if such a Parade should at any time appear, without the proper Disposition of Lights, *&c.* as was here intended, do you not believe it would be a sufficient Call to the Multitude? and that they would never forsake it, 'till their Curiosity had been satisfied to the full? Any Man in his Senses may find this was a deli-

deliberate, as well as a great Expence. To prepare Mens Minds for Sedition, one *Stoughton*'s Sermon (which was lately burnt by the Common Hangman in *Ireland*, by Order of the House of Lords) preached at St. *Patrick*'s in *Dublin*, and Printed there, was that very Week *Reprinted* here, and handed about with extream Diligence: And to fill the People with false Fear and Terror, they had some Days before reported, that the Q.... was dangerously Ill of the Gout in her Stomach or Bowels. The very Day of the designed *Procession* it was whispered upon the *Exchange*, and over all the City, that She was Dead. A Gentlewoman that makes Wax-work, declares, that sometime before, certain Persons of Quality, as she judged, who called one another Sir *Harry*, Sir *John*, Sir *James*, *&c.* came to her House, and bespoke several Wax-work Figures, one for a *Lady*; they agreed to her Price, paid half in Hand, and the rest when they fetch'd them away. These Figures are not yet taken. One was designed to represent the *L*....d T-----r, the Lady Mrs. *Ma*....*m*, and the rest the other Great Officers of the Court, with Dr, *S*....*l*; which the Work-woman was ordered to make as like his Picture as possibly she could. A certain Lady, renowned for Beauty, at the P..ss's Palace, desired that she might have the Dressing up of the *Young handsome Statesman*, whose bright Parts are so terrible to the Enemies of

his Country; in order to it, she proposed borrowing from the Play-house, *Æsop's large white Horse-hair Periwig*: Her L..d furnish'd out the rest of the Materials from the Q..n's *W..d..be.* No wonder he should be an Enemy to Peace, when his Father gains so much by the Continuance of the War. Nor that a certain young D... was so eager to have him go in Disguise with the *Viceroy*, since it was agreed, upon his Absence, that the said Nobleman should *pass the Night* with his *L..y.*

Further, to convince you that this was a premeditated Design, and carried on in all its Forms, proper Persons had been busie before-hand to secure a thousand Mob to carry *Lights* at this goodly Procession: One of these Agents came to a Victualling-House in *Clare-Market*, he called for Drink, and the Master of the House, of whom he enquired if he could procure him Forty stout Fellows to carry *Flambeauxs* on *Saturday* the 17th instant, to meet there at one Clock, they should have a Crown a-piece in Hand, and whatever they drank till five, he would be there to see discharged. At such a Proposal, mine Host prickt up his Ears, and told his Honour, his Honour need not fear but that he might have as many as his Honour pleased at that Price: Accordingly he fetched in several from the Market, *Butchers, Tripemen, Poulterer's-'Prentices*, who joyfully listed themselves against the Day, be-

cause

cauſe it was to be a Holy-Day, and they ſhould not ſtand in need of their Maſters Leave, for on Q..... *Beſs*'s Day, they ſaid, they went always out of Courſe. The Landlord Promiſed to make up the Complement by the appointed Time, with honeſt Lads, who would be glad to get their Bellies full of Drink, and a Crown a-piece, in an honeſt way. All was agreed upon, the Gentleman paid the Reckoning, which came to a conſiderable Sum in Beer and Brandy, for his Mob, and departed, with Aſſurance of being there at one a Clock to meet his Mirmidons; but the Matter being diſcovered, he has not been heard of ſince, to the great Diſappointment of the good Man, and the People he had ingaged. The like happened in ſeveral other Parts of the Town. They had ſecured to the Number, as I told you, of One Thouſand Perſons, who were ſo hired to carry Lights, tho' they knew not to what End, doubtleſs for a *Burial*, among whom were many of the very Foot-Guards. Drinking from One to Five, 'tis plain they were to be made drunk, the better to qualify them for what Miſchief was deſigned by their proper Leaders. The *Viceroy*, with ſome others of as good, and Two or Three of better Rank than himſelf, were reſolved to act in diſguiſe; the *Viceroy* like a *Seaman*, in which he hoped to out-do *Maſſanello* of *Naples*, whoſe Fame he very much

envies

Envies for the mighty Miſchief he occaſioned: His buſie Head was the firſt Inventor of the Deſign, and he would take it very ill if he were robbed of the Glory! He had lately proved the Power of an *accidental Mob*, and therefore hoped much better from at *premeditated One*: He did not doubt inflaming them to his Wiſh, by the Noiſe of *Popery* and the *Pretender*, by which they would be put into a Humour, to burn even Dr. S---- and the other *Effigies*. At their ſeveral Bonefires, where the *Parade* was to make a Stand, the Preliminary Articles were to be burnt, with a Cry of, *No Peace*, and proper Meſſengers were to come galloping, as if like to break their Necks; their Horſes all in a Foam, who ſhould cry out, *The Q.....*, *The Q.... was dead at* Hampton-Court. At the ſame Time the D--- of *M.....* was to make his Entry through *Aldgate*, where he was to be met with the Cry of, *Victory*, *Bouchain*, *the Lines*, *no Peace*, *no Peace*. If Matters had once come to this Paſs, I do not ſee what could have hindered the Leaders from doing all the Miſchief they deſired, from exalting and pulling down whom they pleaſed, nor from executing, during the Rage of the People, prepoſſeſſed, as they would be, with the News of the Q----'s Death, whatever Violence, Injuſtice and Cruelty, they ſhould think fit. They had reſolved before, what Houſes

ſhould

ſhould be burnt: They were to begin with one in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, where the Commiſſioners of Accompts meet, from whence a late Diſcovery has been made of vaſt Sums annually received by a Great Man, for his Permiſſion to ſerve the Army with Bread. They ſaid, *H--y* ſhould have better Luck than they expected, if he eſcaped *De Witting*; they would ſet People to watch him all that Day, that they might know where to find him when they had Occaſion. And truely who can anſwer for the Conſequence of ſuch a Tumult, The Rage of a mad drunken Populace, fomented by ſuch Incendiaries, (for the whole Party, to a Man, were ingaged to be there) I don't ſee how the City could have eſcaped Deſtruction? There were many to kindle Fires, none to put them out. The *Spectator*, who ought to be but a Looker-on, was to have been an Aſſiſtant, that ſeeing *London* in a Flame, he might have Opportunity to paint after the Life, and remark the Behaviour of the People in the Ruin of their Country, ſo to have made a *diverting Spectator*. But I cannot but look up to *God Almighty* with Praiſe for our Deliverance, and really think we have very much Need of a Thankſgiving, for in all Probabity the Miſchief had been *univerſal* and *irremediable*. I tremble to think what Lengths they would have gone: I dare not ſo much

as

as imagine it. They had taken *Maſſanello's* Inſurrection for a Precedent, by which all who were not directly of their own *Party* had ſuffered, as may be gathered from what we know of their Nature, and by what is already diſcovered, tho' there is doubtleſs a great Deal more behind. As ſoon as the Figures were ſeized, they deſpatched away a Meſſenger Expreſs to the Place where it was known the D---- intended to *L*and, to tell him he might now take his own Time, there was no Occaſion *for his being on the ſeventeenth Inſtant, by ſeven at Night, at* Aldgate; and ſo he lay that Night five Miles ſhort of the Town.

However the *Viceroy* may value himſelf upon this Deſign, he ſeems but to have copied my Lord *Sh----y* in 1679, on the ſame Anniverſary. It is well known, by the Favour of the Mob, they hoped then to have made the Duke of *Monmouth* King, who was planted at *Sir Thomas Fowls's* at *Temple-bar*, to wait the Event, whilſt the Reſt of the great Men of his Party, were over the Way at *Henry* the Eighth's Tavern. King *Charles* had been perſwaded to come to Sir *Francis Child's* to ſee the Proceſſion, but before it began, he had private Notice given him to retire, for Fear of what Miſchief the *Mob* might be wrought up to: He did ſo, which ruined the Deſign they had to ſeize on his Perſon, and proclaim the *D*uke, King.

This

This was the Scheme our *Modern* Politicians went upon. One of them was heard to say, *They must have more Diverſions than one*, i. e. *burning for the good People of* London, *ſince the Mob loved to* * *Create, as well as Deſtroy.*

* Make a K-

By this Time, I do not doubt, Sir, but you are throughly convinced of the Innocence of this intended Proceſſion, which they publickly avow, and tell the M.....y they are welcome to make what they can of it, knowing themſelves ſafe by having only intended, not acted the *Miſchief*; if it had once come to *That*, they would have been ſo far above the Fear of Puniſhment for their Crimes, as to become Executioners of the Innocent.

Truly, I think the *Malice* of that Party is Immortal, ſince not to be ſatiated with twenty three Years Plunder, the Blood of ſo many Wretches, nor the immenſe Debt with which they have burthened us. Through the unexampled Goodneſs of the Q...., and the Lenity of the other Parts of the *Legiſlature* they are ſuffered to ſit down unmoleſted, to bask and revel in that Wealth they have ſo unjuſtly acquired; yet they purſue their Principles with unwearied Induſtry, club their *Wit*, *Money*, *Politicks*, towards reſtoring their Party to that Power from whence they are fallen; which, ſince they find ſo difficult

difficult, they take Care, by all Methods, to disturb and vilify those who are in Possession of it. *Peace* is such a bitter Pill they know not how to swallow: To poyson the People against it, they turn, they try every Nail, and have at last hit of one they think will go, and that they drive to the Head: They cry, *No Peace* 'till the Trade of our own Nation be entirely given up to our Neighbours. Thus they would carry on the Publick Good of *Europe*, at the Expence of our own private Destruction. They cry our *Trade* will be ruin'd if the *Spanish West-Indies* remain to a Son of *France*. Tho' the Death of his Father may cause *Philip* to forget his Birth and Country which he left so Young. After the Decease of his Grandfather, he will be, *only* the *Brother* of a haughty rough-natured King, who in all Probability may give him many Occasions to become every Day more and more a *Spaniard*.

They do not allow the *Dauphin*'s or the *Emperor*'s Death have made an Alteration in Affairs, and confide all Things to the supine Temper of the *Austrian* Princes, from whence they conclude there can be no Danger in trusting half *Europe* to the uneasie unactive Hands of such an Emperor. But may not another *Charles* the Fifth arise? Another *Philip* the Second? Who, though not possessed of the *Austrian* Territories, gave more

Trouble

Trouble and Terror to *England*, than ever she felt from *France*, insomuch, as had not the Seas and Winds fought our Battles, their *Invincible Armada* had certainly brought upon us Slavery and a Popish Queen. Neither is it a new Thing for Princes to *Improve*, as well as *Degenerate*. Power generally brings a Change of Temper. *Philip de Comines* tells us, That the Great Duke of *Burgundy* in his Youth hated the Thoughts of War, and the Fatigue of the Field. After he had fought and gained one Battle, he loved nothing else, and could never be easie in Peace, but led all his Life in War, and at length died in it; for want of other Enemies, fighting against the poor barren *Swissers*, who were possessed of nothing worth contending for.

But it is not *Reason*, or even *Facts*, that can subdue this *Stubborn* Party; they bear down all by Noise and Misrepresentation; they are, but will not be convinced, and make it their Business to prevent others from being so. If they can but Rail and make a Clamour, they hope to be believed, though the miserable Effects of their *Male-administration* are Ten thousand to One against them. A festering obvious Sore, which when it can be healed we know not, though the most famous Artists apply their constant Skill to endeavour at a Cure. Their Aversion to

any

any Government but their own, is unalterable; like some *Rivers*, that are said to pass through, without mingling with the Sea; though disappearing for a Time, they arise the same, and never change their Nature.

London, *Nov.* 20.
1711. I am, SIR, &c.

FINIS.

1 JA 64